

## **I'll Always Be A Work In Progress by Kidinacandystore**

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Bisexual Mike Wheeler, Flashbacks, Gay Will Byers, Homophobic Language, Loneliness, M/M, My First Smut, Period-Typical Homophobia, Smut

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

Will is different, he's always been different but now he's all alone. When Will is abandoned by his friends and neglected by his family he has to discover how to deal with his identity and loneliness. Mike has to deal with Will's identity.

# 1. Who I Have Left

## Author's Note:

Hello! This is my first published fanfic so I'm sorry if it's not what you're expecting. Please excuse any typos or mistakes with quotation. Any-who, thanks for reading!

## *Will*

I couldn't be alone anymore. People always left me, even if they were still there they were always absent. Johnathan left, for college, for a future, Nancy left with him. Dustin left when he joined the wrestling team and couldn't make time for me. Lucas left the moment a curly red head confessed his love to him. My mom left when Hopper moved in and she picked up another shift. El left once we shared a roof over our head. Max left once we went to just an occasional wave. Those I could handle, I could always tell myself I didn't need them, but then Mike left. He left and I was all alone.

It was a Thursday afternoon near the end of summer. Mike was sprawled on the couch and I was sitting on the floor in front of him. We were playing a game but, we were mostly discussing what would happen when we went back to school. "Junior year is going to be my year."he announced. I nodded. "I, Mike Wheeler am going to be a ladies man. They are going to swoon over me." I rolled my eyes.

"Just ladies,huh?" I asked batting my eyelashes. Mike glanced around the room with a smirk on his face. When he saw that no one else was here he leaned forward and planted a wet kiss on my lips. I sighed as the kiss deepened and Mike laughed. "What the ladies man can't get enough of me." He groaned as I pulled away. I stood up and Mike whined as I turned my body away from him.

"Come back Will and I'll be your man too."he grunted. I snickered as I climbed onto the couch, licking my lips as Mike stared up at me. I pulled my shirt off as I pressed my lips onto his. He ran his long fingers through my hair and I started to pull off his shirt. He picked me up and started to moan as we made our way through the hallway,

my lips running over his shoulder blades. We slammed the door falling onto the mattress. I threw my shirt onto the floor and unbuttoned Mike's pants. He kicked them off and started with mine. He moaned as I made my way all the way down the small of his back. He turned as I went further down and I playfully flicked his nipple. Sighing as I started the hand job he tightly shut his eyes. I finished and he looked up at me with a confident smirk. He urgently pulled his hands out of my hair and I shoved my head into a pillow as he forces his tongue onto my dick. When he finishes I rest my head against his chest both of us panting. I stare up at his jawline as his eyes flicker around me. He kisses my forehead and I sigh.

"That was..."

"Amazing." he cuts me off.

I hear the front door open so we slowly start to dress. "Not so much of a ladies man anymore." I laugh. Mike stares up at me, mortified.

"What?," he stutters "Why would you say that? This, this is just a one time or five time thing. This was an experiment, a mistake" He says it like he has to tell himself. "I'm not a, a faggot."

"What are you talking about? We jus..." I cry, but I'm cut off as Mike scrambles out the door. I run after him but, he's already biking away from me. I run after him but without shoes or a shirt I can only get so far. I fall onto the ground and sob as he pedals further and further away, away from me.

...

Tears swell in my eyes as I remember that night nine months ago. He left, he left me, just like everyone else. After that night he wouldn't even make eye contact with me anymore and he was the last one. The last one to leave, the last one to abandon me as the stupid fag I was.

I needed someone else, I couldn't handle being alone anymore. So I pulled open my computer.

## 2. Others Ways To Manage

### Notes for the Chapter:

Thanks for reading, again I would love you to comment your feedback!

////Just to clarify because some not consensual sexual activities happen in this fic, don't engage in any sexual activities unless it is consensual.

### *Will*

There were many ways to not be alone, but I never thought I would engage in any of them. I was just sick of the feeling of sitting in the corner while the world passes you by and there were plenty of people who had shown interest before. The first boy was nothing more than an experiment. He and his friends were calling me a fairy and a fag but when i made eye contact with him he looked away. It gave me some suspicions. The next day he pulled me into a supply closet and smashed his lips into mine. I pulled back in surprise but he was already yanking my shirt off. When he moaned during the hand job he covered his mouth and shoved me further into the wall. a broom fell under us. My mind went blank as I continued the familiar steps his voice getting louder in his throat as I got farther in. I finished and he quickly dressed, throws twenty bucks at my feet, and slipped out of the closet. I tightly shut my eyes trying to remember the moments when my mind was blank and my body felt numb. The moment when I wasn't thinking of the times Mike couldn't look at me, the moments when Dustin and Lucas walked straight past me, or the times where I sat in a empty room reliving my darkest moments. This was certainly a better feeling, so it continued.

Sometimes they were rough. One boy, a baseball player always yanked on my hair until my scalp hurt to be touched, but he paid well. Other times the boys were talkative going on about their girlfriends and their friends but, always ready for when the talking stopped. Some were completely silent the whole time. Most wouldn't even make eye contact with me, just their eyes on my dick. One time it was a group, taking their turns, fuck me and get another shot. That one made me numb for a while, so I went to where it happened most

giant parties and locker rooms. The drunk ones always forgot to pay I didn't mind, it cleared my thoughts and helped remind me of human relations. In a couple of months I had made quite a reputation. When someone ran into me in the hallway it was very clear what they meant. I think it was helping, when I was being fucked I could always forget Mike's cheekbones and confident grin. Sometimes it was harder to forget. I couldn't forget them when he would pull up into my driveway, El jumping out of the car, the rest of the party sitting in the truck bed. They nodded towards me in the window but could never make it further then that. El was the only one who clearly disapproved of my relations. When I would walk out of a class with my shirt unbuttoned she would shake her head or when I would buy condoms she would throw them out. It got easier as time went on, she stopped trying and I got good at what I was doing. The more people I fucked the better, and soon the only time I would think about him was when I laid in my bed or saw his dimples in the hallways. I didn't feel so alone anymore, I just felt empty and no one could ever break me again. I had built armor around my heart and Mike would never chip his way back in, until I wanted him too...

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Thanks for reading! I like how this is turning out os I will try to update soon. <3

### **Author's Note:**

Again thanks for reading! Sorry if this chapter was weird in mostly past tense, if I switched between tenses sorry if that was confusing. I will try to post the next chapter soon. Please leave comments! <3